HIS RISE TO POWER

By Henry Russell Miller,

Author of

"The Man Higher Up"

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CHAPTER XV.

John Heath Makes Restitution.

TEN hours later Sherrod opened his eyes. He started up with a groan, and beheld the man who sat by the window. The man—Murchell—heard the movement and came to the bedside. He stood looking down pitilessly at the half recumbent sick man. Sherrod stared back, with bewildered, fearful eyes, for a moment. Then, with another groan, he fell back. His parched lips tried to frame a question, but nothing came of the effort save a dry, croaking sound.

Then Murchell spoke. "Who," he demanded, "is John Heath?"

A spasm of fear even more acute contracted Sherrod's face.

"Wh-what do you—know?"

"Who," Murchell repeated, still in the pitiless tone—"who is John Heath?"

"He is—the political account."

"Of which you're the receiving end?"

Sherrod's lips formed a soundless "Yes."

"How much are you short?"

"Nine hundred thousand dollars."

"What have you got to show for it?"

"Some securities—oil stocks."

"Worth what?"

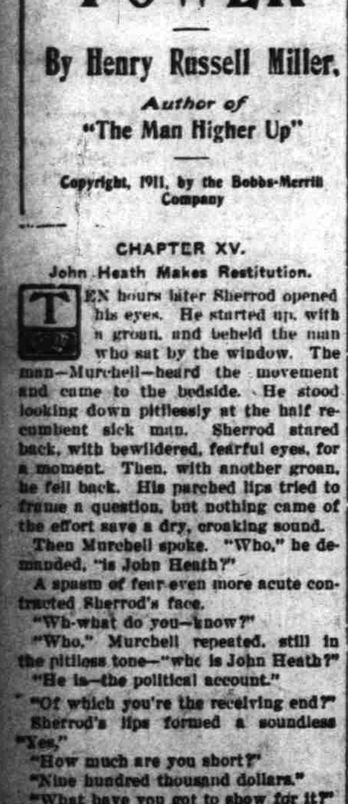
"Three hundred thousand—about. I don't know—exactly."

"Where are they?"

"In my private safe at the office."

Murchell turned sharply and left the room. Almost at once he was back, accompanied by Watkins. "Give Watkins the combination," he commanded.

There was another moment of hesitation, of inward struggle. But a great



"Who," he demanded, "is John Heath?"

fear was upon Sherrod, swallowing up even hate and anger. He mumbled the combination.

"Have you got that, Watkins? Then you and Paine fetch here all the securities in the safe. Everything you can find. Be quick."

Watkins obeyed, as promptly and unquestioningly as the soldier on the field of battle obeys his superior officer. As he went he found time to wonder how the impression had ever got abroad that this man of instant decision, of crisp orders, was a useless victim of the decrepitude of age.

"Wh-what," Sherrod quavered, "are you going to do?"

Murchell shook his arm free. "I am going to get you out of the muddle you have got yourself into, you"— He left the sentence uncompleted, as though he could think of no adequate epithet.

Sherrod gaped foolishly, trying to comprehend the incomprehensible—that the man above him, who least of all the world owed him service, would lift him over the impasse around which no way appeared. Then suddenly he broke into tears and maudlin babblings—explanations, contrition, gratitude, promises mingling disconnectedly.

Murchell listened in cold contempt. "You don't mean a word you say," he interrupted the flow at last. "You're only a coward frightened out of his wits. You'll be the same treacherous hound when it's over—I'm not doing it for you."

He turned and went out of the room, not to return until Watkins and Paine, the messenger, arrived with the securities.

* * * * * * *

An afternoon train, rolling down out of the hills into the flat lands, bore William Murchell to the city that had witnessed the last step in his overthrow. A cab took him, by appointment, to the home of Philip Wilder, where he lay overnight. Philip Wilder was not a monarch, to be sure, but he was a prince of the blood, and he ruled over a province of street railways. Many things did this princely gentleman desire, and for them he was willing to pay—the least price that must be paid.

He, like Miss Roberts and Watkins, was astounded when he beheld, not a shuffling, harmless shadow, but a man who showed the marks of age's battering, yet was clear minded, hale and hearty, who had not forgotten how to drive a close bargain, who knew exactly what he wanted and who got it. So pleased was he by his discovery that the next morning, breaking a solemn promise to Murchell, he reported it to Sackett. "'Richard,'" he declared, "'is himself again.'"

But by that time Murchell was well on his way back to the capital.

A rumor that the once great politician was on the train quickly spread among the passengers, and many of them found occasion to stroll past his seat. But there was no visible ripple of emotion to betray to their curious eyes the swelling sense of triumph within him.

When, his energy sapped up by the sickness, the seriousness of which he did not yet realize, he had confronted Sackett and declared his purpose to quit, he had spoken in all truth; but, the operation over and strength creeping back into the body whose tissues austere living had never devitalized, the hunger, the need for action reasserted itself.

Hence he planned, not consciously to reseek his old power and responsibility, but from his castle in the forest to make sudden, unexpected forays to harass those who had deprived him of his glory. Then came the opportunity to wreak the sweetest of all revenges, to save those who had thrown him over, to torture his enemy with the sense of inferiority and obligation, perhaps—the warrior soul leaped—to make of revenge also a lever to open the gates in the road back to supremacy.

Under the stimulus of sharp, successful action he felt almost the strength of his prime. Whirring wheel struck from rail an iron song of triumph in which his soul joined—the mad, exultant shout of the viking returning victorious.

But he found Sherrod who had had time to think, to measure the situation, who had recovered his nerve. And of Sherrod this may be written: he was a great fighter, cunning and daring, conscienceless, proud, disloyal—yes—but even his treacheries were accomplished with a certain reckless grace and decision that gave them the seeming of the born master's instinctive strategy. And he had what Murchell had not, a personal magnetism that often won faith even where interest failed; though he lacked what made Murchell great, inflexibility and self control. Coward he was not. Almost any man, beaten by the same knowledge of crime and imminent discovery, with so much to lose, would have suffered a lapse from courage. But the hour of cringing and weakness was past.

Murchell found him in the same hotel room, through the open windows of which a biting wind had swept the last trace of the fetid fumes of tobacco and whisky. Murchell carefully closed and locked the door and, without speaking, sat down across the table from him. Sherrod's eyes, cool, not defiant, but aggressive, menacing almost, locked with Murchell's steady ones.

"Well?" The voice was cool.

"I went to Wilder," said Murchell, almost in a whisper. "He is selling your securities today at the market. He will lend you the balance. Tomorrow a man will come with the cash."

"And in return?" Sherrod knew the prince.

"He wants some charters in Adelphia and some traction legislation. He will explain in detail when you see him. I have promised him what he wants. You will see that he gets it."

"Yes. The balance—you say it is a loan. How am I to repay?"

"That is for you to say." Murchell paused, then added, "I understand banks are still paying for the privilege of state deposits."

"How much do Paine and Watkins know?"

"As much as I guessed."

"I can keep their mouths shut."

Again silence, broken first by Sherrod. His lips twisted in a faint sneer.

"Are you waiting for my gratitude? I have none. I'm sick still, but I'm not afraid, as I was yesterday, and I understand the situation. You haven't done this for me."

"Is there any reason why I should do it for you?"

Sherrod began to feel that he could no longer endure the other's contemptuous, relentless gaze—that, in spite of his will, his own was wavering. The coolness vanished. He almost hissed out his words.

"You came here expecting to gloat over me, didn't you? You think because you've caught me with the goods on you're a superior being. You needn't. Everything I am, Bill Murchell, you are. I s'pose when you were sick you had the parson around to pray over you, didn't you? When you were praying did you tell the parson how you got to be so rich?"

"At least," Murchell said quietly, "I didn't steal it from the treasury of the state."

Under the taunt Sherrod seemed to lose all hold on himself. He sprang to his feet. His face was convulsed. His voice and the pointing hand shook in a very hysteria of hate.

"You dare call me a thief! You! How about the market tips you got for your votes in the senate, the bribes you authorized to be given, the blackmail you levied for your influence in the legislature? Maybe you called them legal fees? You a lawyer, when there isn't a business man in the country would trust you with a case!"

Into Murchell's eyes had come a steely gleam that in a saner moment would have restored Sherrod to self control, but now was unheeded. But his voice continued cold, cuttingly contemptuous.

"Thought you'd come into this affair and use the knowledge as a club to bully me out of politics with, didn't you? Well, swing your club. I'm not afraid. I know why you did it, not for me, but for yourself. You're trying to sneak back into the game after you've been thrown out, and you know that this thing if it came out would kill your chances as well as mine. It would help nobody but that fool Dunmeade, and by helping me you've made yourself an accessory. So then—crack your whip if you dare!"

Murchell got slowly to his feet. He spoke still in the cold, even voice that cut.

"Just why I have done this isn't important at present. I had a good many reasons, some, probably, that you are not qualified to understand. And I'm not trying to sneak back into the game. I've never been out of it. As to whether I want or dare to swing my club that remains to be seen. You'll have to chance it, Sherrod."

Sherrod laughed, a harsh, sneering cachinnation that must have carried into the adjoining room. "I'll chance it! You're not the kind of man in whose hands such knowledge is dangerous. And I know all about your game. Do you think I've been fooled by your pretense? I know all about Wash Jenkins' gumshoe campaign for delegates. I can be nominated governor even from behind the bars of the penitentiary!"

Murchell was fully master of himself once more. "That," he remarked, "would be a fitting residence for you. In the meantime, we'll put it out of your power to seek the nomination from that quarter."

He left the room abruptly, returning immediately with Watkins. He carefully closed the door behind them. Then he faced the two men.

"Watkins, it's fortunate that you're cashier in the treasurer's office."

Watkins agreed.

"Because from this minute I am state treasurer. Sherrod will be allowed to sign vouchers that I approve—that's all. You will report to me once a week in person. And not a voucher must be cashed until O. K'd by me. You understand?"

Watkins looked at Sherrod, then back to Murchell. He nodded.

"Sherrod will do nothing to disturb this arrangement. If he tries—let me know. Good day!"

He went out of the room, quietly closing the door.

CHAPTER XVI.

A Deserted Jordan.

THE consternation in the royal palace was great when the news came that the beleaguered stronghold had fallen. The Michigan had won into the Steel City.

Two men were scrambling over each other, turning the state upside down, because each lusted for power and hated the other. Victory by either, if one might judge by the past, meant corruption, thievery, oppression, injustice, and it would be won for him by characteristic means. The people knew it.

Between the two camps wandered a lonely voice, preaching honesty, decency, liberty, equity. He was worthy to preach. He was the sort of man to whom other men gladly entrust their most important private affairs. He was fitted by capacity, by study, by ideals, for the pure function of government. He had put aside preferment, money, love—the trio of rewards for any one of which men daily sell their souls—that he might be the fitter for his task.

And as he went about that spring preaching his crusade scanty audiences listened carelessly or with suspicion—bred of many deceptions and systematic miseducation; let us be just—indifferently responsive.

John was in the Steel City one night speaking at a public meeting. He was often laughed at for proffering old fashioned oratory in the day of the ubiquitious newspaper. But it was the only way in which he could reach the people, since the columns of the subsidized press were not open to him or his crusade. He went away from the hall heavily downcast. The audience had been small, anything but enthusiastic, and he had spoken poorly. There is no discouragement like unto that of the man who believes he has a message to give and knows that he has delivered it inadequately.

His way to the hotel took him along the city's principal street. He walked slowly, scrutinizing the passersby with that interest in city throngs which the country bred man never quite loses. He came to a corner where another crowded thoroughfare crossed. He stopped and leaned against the wall of the bank that stood there.

The theaters were just letting out, and around him swirled a stream of humanity, the sound of many voices and twice as many feet rising in a peculiar, unmusical roar. John wondered as the endless stream of humanity swept by him if it were true, as Haig had said to him once that 999 men in 1,000 in the cities were dependent on the thousandth, and that six men had it in their power to "turn on a panic," to "put on the screws." What, if the screws were put on, would these men do—fight or submit?

But it was not that which made the load of despondency hang heavier. Once, seeing a thousand men gathered in the square at home, he had thought of the power there, "the power and the glory." Now he saw the people, not in their immensity, but in their infinite multiplicity; so many men with so many interests, each living in his own restricted sphere. Was Haig then right? How could a dreamer or a thousand dreamers by word of mouth teach these men to think what their lives taught them not to feel—that a social problem was their problem, that political putrefaction was their peril, that the masses' interest was their interest?

He walked on, tortured by doubts, yet clinging, as the shipwrecked mariner clings to his raft, to his dwindling faith in the people.

As he was passing through the lobby of his hotel the clerk motioned him to the desk. "Say, there's been a big tough guy in three times tonight asking for you. Says it's important, and he'll be back again. Name is Maley. I guess," he laughed, knowing his guest, "it's some political bum wanting to make a touch."

Butch Maley of New Chelsea, former "heeler," doubtless! John, curious, found a seat in the lobby and waited. He laughed inwardly, not pleasantly, at the recollections called forth by the name, which he had almost forgotten. Butch Maley was the first to be convicted in that crusade of nearly six years ago.

He had not long to wait. Maley was the same bestial creature who had stood trembling in the dock and marched away, mouthing imprecations and large threats, to the penitentiary. That he was prosperous, the yellow diamond in his necktie loudly proclaimed. He rolled toward John, grinning affably.

"Howdy, Johnny?" He did not offer to shake hands, for which John was thankful.

There Was an Embarrassing Moment.

"How are you, Maley?"

"Me?" Maley drew up a chair and deposited his huge bulk in it. "Oh, I'm livin' on No. 1 Easy street. These here is good times fer fellers like me." With an apparently unconscious gesture he lovingly stroked his paunch.

"So I should say. Same old profession?"

"I got a half intrust in a booze joint. That's my business. As fer profesh', I'm still a statesman. Only yuh'd have a fine time gittin' the goods on me now. I learnt," he grinned, "a lot from yuh. Say, I'm wantin' sump'n."

"What can I do for you?"

"'Tain't fer me." He assumed an air of extreme caution. "S'posin' they wuz a feller wot never done yuh no dirt and at the same time, not bein' in yer game, yuh got him foul. An' then s'posin' he beat it, not wantin' to serve time, an' then, bein' up against it in a pertickler way, he wanted to see yuh. Would yuh see him?"

"Slayton or Sheehan?"

"Sheehan."

"I guess I'd see him. Where is he?"

Maley winked solemnly. "I don't know nuthin' till I know yuh won't have him pinched. That's the point—will yuh have him pinched?"

John thought a moment before replying. "Well, I guess I wouldn't so long as he stays out of my jurisdiction. I couldn't make him more harmless now by having him arrested."

"Then go in the little room back o' the bar, an' I'll have him with yuh in no time. He's waitin' not fur away."

In a few minutes Maley returned, leading the fugitive. There was an embarrassing moment as John rose to greet the man whom he had broken. He hesitated, hardly knowing how to address him. Sheehan's hand started forward in an uncertain gesture, then dropped back to his side. On a kindly impulse John held out his. The other caught it almost eagerly in a soft, damp clasp.

"I hope you are well, Sheehan."

"I look it, don't I?" The fugitive gave a half hearted laugh.

John was obliged to confess to himself that he did not look it. His cheeks, once so rubicund, were sallow and pimply. Flabby pouches had gathered under his eyes, which were furtively restless, as though continually on the watch for some pursuer. He was fatter than ever. But whereas his stomach had formerly been of the graceful rotundity of semi-active prosperity, it had now become a paunch, like unto Maley's own.

"Sit down," said Maley hospitably, "an' have a drink on me."

John sat down, but declined the drink. Sheehan and Maley ordered whisky. The drink seemed to restore to Sheehan a part of his nerve. Without further preliminaries he blurted out, "I want to go back."

John waved his hand and remarked, "The railroads are still running," a pleasantry that seemed lost on Sheehan.

"It's that cursed sentence that's troubling me."

"That's nuthin'," Maley interposed cheerfully. "It's only four months in the workhouse. I got a year in the pen." His tone might have led one to believe him boasting of a distinction.

"I should think," said John gravely, "you would find it almost a relief to have it served and over."

"So I would," answered Sheehan, with an emphatic sincerity that was not to be doubted. "But I've got a family."

"A little late to think of them, isn't it? The sentence would have to be served."

"It wouldn't if you said the word."

John shook his head. "Besides, I'll not be district attorney much longer, and my successor mightn't be complaisant."

Sheehan leaned over the table and clutched John by the arm, his face twitching nervously. "I guess you think fellers like me haven't got any heart? Let me tell you something. I've got a wife and two kids that I think as much of as if I was an educated reformer. I haven't seen them in nearly five years, for fear you would trail me through them. But now they are in trouble. Money affairs are all balled up. And the wife's got to go under an operation. I don't know whether she'll pull through or not. I ought to be there to take care of them."

A doubtful blessing to them, John thought, studying the dissipation marred countenance. Still he was not there to pass on Sheehan's value to his family. And he remembered having heard that in former days Sheehan had been very proud and fond of his wife and children and—eccentric virtue among his kind—faithful to them.

"I didn't think you'd let me off. You reformers"—here was bitterness—"are always bent on sending somebody to jail. But will you do this—give me two or three months until the wife gets out of the hospital and I've got things straightened out some? Then I'll take my medicine."

John thought rapidly. In the beginning of his crusade he would have enforced the law rigorously and mercilessly, believing that in punishment lay healing virtue for the state. Now he had learned its futility, and the broken man in front of him had already been punished enough. Surely he could show so much leniency and harm no one.

"I'll do that much for you gladly," he said. "And if you need any legal help in straightening out your affairs I'll be glad to help you."

Sheehan suddenly sat bolt upright, the red rushing to his sallow face. "It's that sanctimonious Blake," he said angrily. "He's gettin' after me because they think I'm afraid to come back. Dirty crook! The bank's tryin' to collect some old notes of mine that wasn't supposed to be paid."

"Not to be paid? Why?"

"Political notes. Look here!" Sheehan's face lighted up in a slow, cunning smile that boded no good for Warren Blake. "Do you want to make a big play?"

John, too, sat up, suddenly alert. "Just what do you mean?"

"Have you been percolatin' around in politics for six years an' not known about the Farmers'? There's always a few easy banks for the politicians. They get state deposits. See? An' then dish them out to the politicians on notes. Sometimes the notes are paid, an' sometimes they're just carried along. My notes wasn't to be paid because I helped get the Farmers' its deposits. It used to be one of the easy banks. An' I guess it is still. Else why is a bank that's friendly to Murchell carryin' deposits under Sherrod? I guess they must be gettin' pretty shaky, because I ain't the only one they're after. I've been skirmishin' around here, seein' some men I used to know, an' they tell me Blake's pushin' a good many old notes hard."

"But Hampden and Blake, with their stock, wouldn't let"—

"Stock! I bet they haven't ten shares apiece. If you want to find that stock you've got to look in the tin boxes of the farmers or in the estates of the widows an' orphans."

"But their last report was fine."

"That's easy. You just carry the notes as assets. Assets!"

"See here, Sheehan!" John was stern. "Have you anything but suspicion for this?"

"Ain't suspicion, the kind I've got, enough? You go after 'em an' show 'em up. I bet you'll find 'em rotten. Those easy banks always do bust up sooner or later. I s'pose I've got to pay. I've got property an', if they sue, I can't make any defense. But," he concluded vengefully, "somebody else has got to pay too."

"Sheehan," John said coldly, rising, "you're letting your desire to get even get away with your common sense. I'll not destroy confidence in a bank, ruin it, by going after it on mere suspicion. As for yourself," he added, more kindly, "if you report at my office next Saturday morning with new bail I'll go before the court and ask that execution of your sentence be postponed until your affairs are easier."

Only a few days remained before the primaries. During the two terms of office John had acquitted himself with skill and fidelity. Fear of him had doubtless restrained the machine from many characteristic depredations, but victory was well nigh hopeless. He had become a candidate again only that the fight might go on, in the faint hope that something might occur to turn the tide in his favor. In the absence of the unforeseen he would carry the townships by a slight majority, but New Chelsea and Plumville would go strongly against him. The little city had grown remarkably in population and importance. John was an old story in which it had lost interest. It got the impression that in turning deaf ears to his plea it was righteously squelching a shallow, impudent, self seeking upstart.

Even among the farmers John met with the unresponsiveness of discouragement. They would vote for him, most of them, but it would be perfunctorily, hopelessly. They were disappointed. The reform that had begun so auspiciously six years before was ending in dismal failure, with no other fruit than to evolve a new and stronger machine.

Well it was for John's melting trust in himself and his fellows that he could meet an occasional Cranshawe or Sykes or Criswell. Their faith survived. He met the trio, the night before the primaries, at Cranshawe's home on the pike. They did not pretend a vain optimism; they knew that they faced defeat.

"At any rate," remarked Criswell, at the close of the discussion, "ye've had six years of good fightin'."

"I guess," said Cranshawe kindly, "ye think it hasn't paid. In one way mebby it hasn't. An' then again in another it has. It's like what I once told ye. Ye've showed us the way. If we hain't followed, it's our own lookout. Ye've done your part."

"Ye have," agreed Sykes solemnly.

And when he left all three made a point of shaking hands with him.

(Continued next Week)

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CORPORATION NOTICES.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

The undersigned hereby gives notice to the public that he has withdrawn from the partnership heretofore existing and carried on in the name of Waldeyer & Whitaker, real estate brokers doing business at Hotel and Union Streets, Honolulu.

C. A. WHITAKER,
Honolulu, T. H., April 1, 1913.
5510-tf.

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Q. Do you publish the formula?
A. Yes. On every bottle.

Q. Any alcohol in it?
A. Not a single drop.

Q. How may I learn more of this?
A. Ask your doctor. He knows.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

LEGAL NOTICES.

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE First Circuit, Territory of Hawaii. In Probate.—At Chambers. In the matter of the Estate of Jonah K. Keawe, Deceased. Notice to Creditors.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed and has qualified, as administrator of the estate of Jonah K. Keawe, deceased. All persons indebted to the estate of Jonah K. Keawe, deceased, are hereby notified to make immediate payment to the undersigned at the office of Noa W. Aluli, Magoon Building, corner of Alakea and Merchant Streets, Honolulu. And all creditors of the estate of Jonah K. Keawe, deceased, are notified to present their claims, duly verified and with proper vouchers attached (if any exist), even though such claims be secured by mortgage of real estate, to the undersigned at the said office of said Noa W. Aluli, within six months from the first publication of this notice (which is the date hereof), or within six months after the same shall become due, or such claims will forever be barred.

Dated Honolulu, March 15, 1913.

EUGENE K. AIU,
Administrator of the Estate of Jonah K. Keawe, deceased.
NOA W. ALULI, Attorney for Administrator.
5496-Mar. 15, 22, 29, Apr. 5, 12.

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE First Judicial Circuit, Territory of Hawaii. In Divorce.

Ida Metcalf Roario, Libellant, vs. Juan Roario, Libellee.

Notice.

To Juan Roario, Libellee in the above entitled cause. Please take notice that Ida Metcalf Roario, Libellant in the above entitled cause, filed a suit for divorce against you on the 30th day of July, A. D. 1912, and that said suit is still pending and set for hearing before said Court at the old Y. M. C. A. building, at the corner of Alakea and Hotel Streets, in Honolulu, City and County of Honolulu, Territory of Hawaii, on Tuesday, April 29, A. D. 1913, at 9 a. m. o'clock of said day, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard.

Dated, Honolulu, Feb. 28, A. D. 1913.
By order of the Court.

JOHN MARCALLINO,
Clerk.
J. M. POEPOE, Attorney for Libellant.
5483—Mar. 1, 8, 15, 22, 29, Apr. 5.

BY AUTHORITY.

RESOLUTION NO. 34.

Making Appropriation for the First Circuit Court:

BE IT RESOLVED by the Board of Supervisors of the City and County of Honolulu that the sum of Three Thousand, Five Hundred ($3,500) Dollars, be and the same is hereby appropriated out of all moneys in the General Fund in the Treasury of the City and County of Honolulu, for the purpose named below:

Court expenses, First Circuit Court, $3,500.

Introduced by Supervisor
WM. H. McCLELLAN.

Honolulu, April 2, 1913.

At a regular adjourned meeting of the Board of Supervisors of the City and County of Honolulu held on Wednesday, April 2, 1913, the foregoing Resolution was passed on First Reading and ordered to print on the following vote of said Board:

Ayes: Cox, Hardesty, Markham, McClellan, Pacheco, Petrie, Wolter. Total 7.

Noes: None.

D. KALAUOKALANI, Jr.,
City and County Clerk.
5511-3t.

SEALED TENDERS

SEALED TENDERS will be received by the Superintendent of Public Works up until 12 noon of Monday, April 7th, 1913, for FURNISHING MATERIALS, TOOLS AND EQUIPMENT FOR THE MAKIKI HOMESTEAD ROAD, HONOLULU.

Blank forms for proposals are on file in the office of the Superintendent of Public Works.

The Superintendent of Public Works reserves the right to reject any or all tenders.

H. K. BISHOP,
Superintendent of Public Works.
Honolulu, March 27, 1913. 5505-10t

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